

THE QUAKER

— Saturday, May 12, 1866. —



A MODERN LEAR.—A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

THE DEEPER DEPTH;

OR, SCENES OF REAL LIFE AMONG THE VERY POOR.—VIII.

DRURY LANE derives its name (according to Brayley) from the knightly family of the Drurries, who, before the reign of Henry VIII., lived in Drury Place, near the bottom of the lane, on the ground now occupied by Craven Buildings and the Olympic Theatre. In a statute of the 34th and 35th of the same monarch, for mending the roads without Temple Bar, it is described

as "very foul, and full of pits and sloughs." These terms, used in a moral sense, may not inaptly be applied to it in the present day. The vice of St. Giles's seems to have gravitated in this direction, for the courts, alleys, and passages leading out of it, especially those on the east side, contain dens of infamy almost unequalled in any other part of the metropolis. In one of these courts a policeman, known throughout the neighbourhood as "Sailor Jack," from his having served on board a man-of-war, was deliberately and brutally murdered, a few weeks back, by a gang that had long sworn to take his life. In another, a man was thrown headlong from an upper window, a short time since, and killed on the spot; while in many of the streets, every house contains persons that live on the produce of crime.

No thoughtful man can pass through Drury Lane, even though he should not penetrate its courts and passages, without coming to a correct conclusion as to the character of the locality; for the surface is not carefully veneered and polished, like some other neighbourhoods, and unmistakable proofs of its social and moral degradation present themselves on every hand. There is no blush on its brazen face; there is no attempt to conceal its squalor and misery. It is as though it said to every passer-by—"I care nothing for your classic reminiscences, or your histrionic associations: I am not ashamed of being the refuge of poverty, the haunt of ruffianism, the hot-bed of vice and crime." Such seemed to be the language of this ill-favoured lane to us, as we endeavoured to penetrate its "DEEPER DEPTHS." We had scarcely entered it, when our companion directed our attention to a lady, coming out of a house which contained some ten or twelve poor families, and said, "There goes an angel of mercy, sir; she is a very liberal lady, and what is more, she visits the people, speaks kindly to them, takes a deep interest in their welfare, and distributes her gifts with her own hand." We could not but reply, "Would that all did so that have the means of relieving the poor." We have enough, and more than enough, of that spurious philanthropy, which "expends itself in talk, and prayers, and speeches, and contributions, to enable some society to help the distressed;" what we want is more of this true philanthropy, which places itself in actual contact with the objects of its sympathy and succour, and which revives their fast-dying self-respect, by showing them that they are neither despised nor forgotten. Charles Street is by no means an inviting thoroughfare. It abounds in lodging-houses of the lowest type, while its courts are occupied for the most part by thieves and unfortunates. Selecting a lodging-house at random, we find a number of women sitting round the coke fire, one of whom, judging from her appearance, once moved in a very different sphere. The others are voluble in their

requests and complaints, but she maintains a dignified silence, and keeps her eyes fixed on the ground; her lips are firmly compressed, as though she found it difficult to subdue her feelings. Were she to speak without reserve, what a tale she might have to tell! In the back kitchen there is a blind man, whose eyes are darkened in more senses than one, for they are frightfully swollen and discoloured. He gets a living by begging. The other evening he was coming over Waterloo Bridge, on his return from his long and weary round, when some ruffians threw him down, kicked him in the face with their heavy boots, and robbed him of the trifle he had obtained during the day. On the table an infant is dying, while the mother is lamenting because she is not able to buy the cordial the doctor has ordered for it. Poor little creature! all the cordials in the world would not save its life. As we look around upon the squalid women, the filthy men, and half-naked children in that miserable den, we think of the Saviour's words—"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," and we feel that it is better for the babe to die than to live. When we have reached the street, we discover that the poor blind man is following us. "Please, gentlemen," he says, "I have something on my mind, and I shan't be easy till I've got rid on it. I've a good wife, as good a wife as any man can have, but we—we want to get married, and we aint able to pay the expenses." On his being assured by our companion that these shall all be paid for him, he departs with a smile on his disfigured countenance so bright and joyous, that for the moment we forget that he is blind. Another lodging-house is pointed out, the occupants of which are all thieves. It is hardly safe to enter it alone, as they come round you like bees, and may proceed from robbery to violence. A card in the window (of which we give a verbatim copy) shows, however, that they are not without some feelings of kindness, and that they help each other in the time of distress.

A FRIENDLY MEETING

Will take place at the "Feathers," Great Wild Street, Drury Lane, on Tuesday, February 20th, 1866, for the benefit of

MIKE MEEHAN,

to help to defray the funeral expenses of his eldest daughter, and you will oblige.

Chair.—Ned Cummings.

Vice.—W. West.

That is a very handsome boy leaning out of that window: look again, and you will see a malignant expression that bodes but little good to its pos-

sessor. See, he is about to play cards on the window-sill with that lad, who has joined him, while his poor mad mother is raving wildly within the room. The lad "Kay," or "Kaye," who figures so prominently in the graphic description of "A Night in the Workhouse," which has excited such general interest, belongs to this part of St. Giles's. An effort was made a few years ago to rescue him from his companions, and for a little while he conducted himself well, as "a page," at some institution. A gentleman who saw him in that capacity was so pleased with him, that he resolved to engage him as a junior clerk in his city office; but before he could carry out this benevolent intention, the lad had returned to a life of idleness and misery. The extent to which the penny edition of Mr. Greenwood's pamphlet is read in the lodging-house kitchens on Sunday afternoons is surprising. It is no uncommon thing for the city missionary's offer to read a chapter of the Bible to be met with, "Here, read us a bit out of the 'Night in a Workhouse,' we'd sooner hear that." Those remarkable articles have evidently deepened their repugnance to the workhouse, and their hostility to the parochial authorities. It would be well for us to remember that the cheap journals are constantly read in these places, and that cases of cruelty on the part of officials, and of suffering on the part of the destitute, are not passed over lightly, but commented upon, and treasured up, with a grim earnestness that is terribly suggestive.

Hero is an aged sweep sitting by his lonely fireside, who may be termed a "modern Lear," for his two grown-up daughters treat him with great cruelty. "They don't care for me," says the poor old fellow, while a tear stands in his eye; "they don't care for me; they leave me alone day and night; they don't come to ask me whether I am well or ill, hungry or dry." Their coming would not add much to his comfort, for on one occasion they would have driven him into the streets, although it was a bitterly cold night, had not the neighbours prevented them. He has never read the great tragedy of our "immortal bard," but this poor unlettered man expresses his grief in terms quite as heartrending as those in which the heartbroken king pours forth his woe. He is suffering from severe asthma; but his poverty compels him to follow his trying occupation so far as his little remaining strength will permit. It is pleasing to know that he is a constant attendant at the Wesleyan Chapel in Great Queen Street, and that he realises, in his solitude, the presence of One who is far better than wife, or son, or daughter. The next case that presents itself is equally sad. In a very small room a pavior, a fine-looking fellow, is in bed. He says he has a cold, but hopes to go to work to-morrow. It does not require a professional eye to see that something far worse than

a cold has laid him low. He has been ill, "on and off," for some weeks, and his wife has been obliged to sell the bedding, piece by piece, to get them food. He has little more than his working clothes to cover him. Two fine children are lying in bed with their father, while the wife is in a condition that demands medical care and comforts. They are simply starving. This morning the poor woman, unable to endure the cries of the children for bread, borrowed a *slice* for them from a neighbour, almost as badly off as herself. They really deserve sympathy. Not long since, when a man in the next street turned his wife out of doors, they took her in, and during her confinement, that almost immediately followed, they did all in their power to supply her wants. Here are two widows occupying a garret. One has a swollen face and neck, and a fearful contusion over the right eye. A few days since she interfered in behalf of her granddaughter, whom a woman was ill-using; she had taken the poor child by the hair, and dashed her with great violence on the ground. A quarrel ensued, and these wounds are the result. The other widow gets a precarious living by "shelling peas" in Covent Garden Market in the spring and summer, and selling sweat-meats in the streets in the winter. Her eldest son, aged twenty, has gone through an ordeal that few of his class would withstand. Thieves have offered him clothes and money for himself, his mother, and sister (putting them down before him), provided he would join them, but in vain. He is still an honest youth, and, for lack of better employment, sells cigar-lights in the streets: her eldest daughter, aged seventeen, sells cheap toys, bought at the "swag shops," and the younger children go to the ragged school in Charles Street. As may be easily seen, this poor widow has a very hard time of it; still, she endeavours to do right herself, and to keep her children right; while, poor as she is, she attends church with the greatest regularity. Here is a blind woman at her accustomed post, with, as she thinks, a good stock of lucifers for sale; but some young thief has carried them off, leaving her sitting behind the empty tray, wondering why she has no customers. Farther on, two little girls are crouching on the kerb-stone with a basket of apples. The eldest is not more than seven, yet they seem quite expert in their business, and look for customers with the greatest eagerness. In Nottingham Court we visit a journeyman tailor and his wife, who very frequently want a mouthful of bread. When they do get work, they are wretchedly paid for it; they receive only 2s. 9d. for riflemen's coats, 2s. 8d. for police great-coats (1s. 3d. if the seams have been previously machined), 2s. 6d. for police tunics, and 9d. a pair for police trousers, or 4*½*d. if already machined. The poor fellow was formerly in the marines, and served in the *Southampton* frigate,

under Captain Septimus Arraban, and also in the *North Star*, on the West Coast of Africa. He was wounded at Ashantee, and would now be in receipt of a pension, if he had not thoughtlessly accepted a bonus of £30 instead, on leaving the service. They have to endure very great privations; but they do not murmur; they are quite content to work sixteen or eighteen hours a day, if they can but steal a few minutes in the evening to attend the service in the mission-room, conducted by our companion: who lifts their thoughts out of the dreary present, by saying, as we bid them farewell, "It will not be for long; we shall have our reward by-and-by. Presently, this world will have passed away. We must work and wait a little while, and then all will be well." Commonplace truths enough, but soul-elevating and heart-cheering when uttered amid the squalid surroundings of a St. Giles's garret.

Some of the very poor have a deep sense of moral obligation, and do their utmost to fulfil any promise of a sacred character. We found in one house a little woman, the wife of a rough costermonger, who submits to many a hardship, that she may support a half-idiotic brother, and when asked why she did not put him in the workhouse infirmary, she replied, "I promised my dying mother that I would take care of poor Bob, and so, please God, I will, though he is often a sore trial to me." In another, a young widow, suffering from consumption, who was most devoted to her afflicted husband. During his illness, she was confined, and within a few days afterwards she was out in the streets (though it was the depth of winter) with a heavy basket of oranges, in order that she might be enabled to procure him a few comforts. A poor unfortunate, who manifested signs of true repentance before she died, was carefully tended without fee or reward by an aged Christian man and his wife, themselves very poor. Had she been their own daughter, they could not have done more for her.

Their countenances beam with satisfaction as they tell how she found mercy in the crucified One, and passed away with a heavenly smile, with her eyes fixed on some object invisible to them, as though she had caught a glimpse of the peerless beauty and fadeless glory of the city of God.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of THE QUIVER.

SIR,—I have been favoured by Mr. Lewis Malgarini, of Crosby House, Bishopsgate, with a copy of the Bill now before Parliament for the construction of the boulevard from New Palace Yard to Eaton Square, to which some reference was made in the closing paragraph of the second paper on Westminster. The preamble of the Bill confirms in a striking manner my strictures on the sanitary, social, and moral condition of that part of the metropolis, for it declares that "many of the streets, lanes, passages, and places which it is proposed to remove, are below the level of good practicable drainage, and extremely narrow and badly ventilated; and many of the houses and tenements therein are in a ruinous and dilapidated state, and totally unfit for human habitation, and tend to nurture filth, disease, destitution, immorality and crime."

Sections 22 and 23 provide, however, for the erection of "model lodging-houses, dwellings, and shops" for the accommodation of the ejected poor, and also for the application of the surplus rates to the reduction of the rental of such model lodging-houses, &c., which is not at any time to exceed three per cent. per annum on the cost of erection.

Provided that the building of these model dwellings be the first thing done—for the consequences of delay to the poor would prove most disastrous—I am ready to adopt Mr. Malgarini's opinion, "that, if the Bill be passed through Parliament, it will do more good for the poor than has, as yet, been done by any public body or company professing purely benevolent purposes."—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

THE WRITER OF THE "DEEPER DEPTH" PAPERS.

[We are informed by the Rev. A. Borradale, of St. Mary's Parsonage, Westminster, that some clothing for the poor of his district has been kindly forwarded by a friend, who requests an acknowledgment of this in THE QUIVER.]

ST. MARTIN.

 BEGGAR bent a gate beside,
As arm'd hosts strode in,—
His hands outstretched, if prayer from pride
One rag of help might win.

The troops they tramped regardless by,
To shelter in the town,
As the frozen beggar, with a sigh,
Sunk on the pavement down.

Yet one of those who had beheld
The shiverer 'mid the snow,
Wished that his empty purse but held
Some alms he might bestow.

A LEGEND.

He felt the very clothes he wore
Their wonted comfort lack;
Till, urged by sudden sting, he tore
The cloak from off his back.

He drew his sword, a stroke did fetch,
The garment slit in twain;
One half he wrapped about the wretch.
The other donned again.

In, 'mid the jeering of the host,
He marched, with rended cloak;
Then, half ashamed, his limbs he tossed
Upon a couch—nor spoke.

Sleep fell upon him there—he dreamed—
His Lord approached the bed :
But what seemed wrapped about him? *Seemed?*
Nay, *was!* the beggar's shred!
Round to the angels turned the Lord,
And unto them did say—

“Me with this garment, slit with sword,
Yon slumb'rer clad to-day.”

Next morning Martin had resigned
His arms for saintly vest :—
And now, within Marmoutier shined,
St. Martin's relics rest.

DIGBY P. STARKEY.

THE SINLESSNESS OF JESUS.—II.

BY THE VERY REV. W. ALEXANDER, M.A., DEAN OF EMLY.

RUE it is, indeed, that Christ passed from heaven to earth, to bring men from darkness to light—not to be their master in perspective. He passed from the songs of the seraph to the wailings of men; not to be a Handel, a Raphael, or a Shakespeare, but to save his people from their sins. This was his humbler mission—if we will call it so in our poor, blind pride. He came to heal the broken-hearted; he came to give rest to the weary and heavy laden; he came with a message from the very heart of God to the very heart of man; and he told it to all the winds that blow across the earth—not with the thunders of Demosthenes, but with a broken heart; not with the majestic tone and haughty attitude of Chatham, but with a sweat of anguish and a sorrow of death. Yet, by a grand contradiction, in that cross of ignominy and weakness is all the power of God, and all the wisdom of God. The pierced hands and feet, the awful shadow of the crown of thorns, the pale and dying lips, have been a fountain of beauty, no less than a well of salvation. “*Ecce Homo*” has been the new birth of art. The inner domain of thought and feeling has been opened to the touch of Christ, and here is the first origin of psychology. The value of the individual soul taught by Christ has been developed into the political notion of freedom.

4. But strongest of all, and be it observed, most original of all, is the witness of Christ himself. Let us see what this amounts to.

There is this peculiarity about moral progress, that it becomes more and more pervasive, more and more exacting. The poet, the artist, the sculptor, who is satisfied with his own work is self-convinced of narrow views and of an imperfect aim. The man who thinks himself holy has never gazed aloft at the towering peak of the moral law. Hence the holiest men, and especially the holiest men of the Hebrew race, have confessed their sinfulness the most unequivocally. Abraham and Job humble themselves into the dust; Daniel counts himself among those “who have sinned, and committed iniquity, and done wickedly.” In the Psalms of David there is the *Miserere*, as well as the *Jubilate*, and the anthem that now swells aloft,

as if it would burst the groined roof, wails away into the depths. “O wretched man that I am!” is the death-cry of St. Paul before the issue of the spiritual combat. But we have long conversations of Christ; we have one soliloquy of the High Priest with his Father; we have seven last words from the cross, and never one syllable that can be tortured into a confession of sin. He can bare his noble heart, and say to men, “Which of you convinceth me of sin?” He can go further, and declare that Satan finds no vulnerable point in him: “The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me.” He can go further: he can declare that “he doeth always those things that please the Father.” He can go further: he can lift up his calm and trustful eyes to heaven, and exclaim, “I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do.” And, depend upon it, no mote could have floated upon that sunny tide of holiness without being detected by his eagle eye. The smallest spot would have sullied the raiment that was as white as snow. On this fourfold witness—of type and dogmatic statement, of enemies or those who were indifferent, of the four Gospels, and of Christ himself—we conclude that “in him is no sin.”

We may now proceed to draw from this doctrine its natural conclusions.

1. The *first* of these is connected with the evidences of our religion. At this exigent crisis, doubts and misgivings are perhaps abroad. They are more painful, because they have been breathed, not with the ribald coarseness of the Deism of the last century—not with the insolent recklessness of German rationalism—but as if wrung from the anguish of unwilling hearts. If I may judge by myself, I would say that in the contemplation of the Sinless Man, we may have an anchor of the soul, true and steadfast—a strong foundation for our faith.

How do we account for this? How comes this one sinless blossom to have grown from the withered stem of our fallen humanity? Dispose, if you will, of the miraculous element in the Gospels as legendary—though it differs from all other legendary miracles in being part and parcel

of the narrative—but how can you dispose of the obstinate miracle of that character? Some philosophers of the present day seem to have a special difficulty in receiving miracles. Surely we can believe that that sinless body was emancipated from the laws that bind us; that he walked on the waters; that on the holy mount his person and raiment was saturated and streamed over with light; that the Holy One of God saw no corruption, because it was not possible that he should be holden of death; that soft and silent as a ray he stood in the midst of the disciples; that he ascended from Olivet; that he was approved of God by miracles, and wonders, and signs. For we cannot resist the written and abiding evidence of the four Gospels to the master miracle of that sinless character. To believe that fraud invented, or that enthusiasm dreamed out, the picture of Jesus—so original in many respects, so sustained, so temperate, so lifelike—is a greater tax upon credulity, than the reception of the angel's words, "Therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

For it comes to this—either the Church created Christ, out of a slight historical basis, helped out by certain traditional elements, prophetic and the like; or, Christ created the Church. But the Church did not create Christ, because it could not. Therefore, Christ created the Church, and we have not followed cunningly sophisticated myths, but words of truth and soberness.

There are some—to many of us much more practical—results which I must indicate before I close this paper.

1. I can only just mention the great, though very obvious truth, that Christ lived and died in his sinless humanity, leaving us an *example* that we should follow in his steps—an imitable yet perfect example.

2. This thought has a tendency to make us *love Christ*.

Anathemas are not as common in the New Testament as in the Tridentine formularies. Yet St. Paul says, "If any man *love not* the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha" (1 Cor. xvi. 22). Strange that a feeling—an emotion, should be so required, and under such a penalty, as it was said of old, "Take heed therefore to yourselves that ye love the Lord your God." But beauty is the natural object of love: beauty of form and colour, in art; beauty of sound, which is harmony; the more august moral harmonies, called Right, Truth, Justice, Goodness, which are moral beauty; these we are so constituted as to love. Thus, then, we see that Christ is all that Scripture calls him: among flowers, the "rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley;" in heaven, as he is called in the last emblem ever given to him,

the "bright and morning star." The contemplation of that sinless character gives a natural basis to our love of him.

3. Yet another lesson, without which these thoughts would be defective indeed.

We are sinners—we have sinned and come short of the glory of God. We own it in words. But we are too often like Ephraim of old. The blight and decrepitude is upon our moral nature, and we heed it not. "Grey hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth not." What more calculated to teach us our own sinfulness than the contemplation of the Sinless One? just as the waters of the mountain-lake seem intensely black when they are surrounded with snow.

Yet by a strange, still most true, paradox, the same thought gives us assurance of *sympathy*. No doubt a different lesson has been drawn. Romanism speaks of the superior sympathy of those who have been sinners like ourselves. I believe this to be untrue to human nature as well as to Scripture. If my heart were full of some dark secret, which I must tell or die, I would not seek one like myself—I would not seek a woman of the world, with her finished scorn; a man of the world, ruled by that code, in some respects so lax, but which, when once infringed, can be so fearfully unforgiving. I would seek the purest and holiest man I could find. And so, in deep searching of heart for sin, the thoughts *most naturally* turn to the spotless Lamb.

Yet once more. Sin is presented to us under two aspects which are strangely different. Health holds a glass under which it dwindles to a speck. Sickness magnifies it to an awful bulk. I knew and stood by one on whose heart the hot breath of school and college, the cold breath of that more trying school and university called the world, had hardly blown. In his last days he once said, "My garden stands between me and Christ." And we, with the wilful sins of boyhood, with its sensual sins grown up from a small seed and scarcely plucked out of our hearts, with the godlessness of our ambitious manhood, with the selfishness of our old age, what strange and portentous shapes may stand between us and heaven in that strange revival of memory which so often takes place, even when death has seized the extremities of the frame! Well for us if we can then look to the Sinless One, who is also God, who has died that we may live: for in that sinlessness we find the efficaciousness of the Sacrifice. The heart's meaning, if not the uttered language of the lips, is, "Thou who art unutterably pure, robe me, all dark and spotted as I see myself in this awful light of eternity, with that purity of thine. Save me from this dreadful shadow of myself. Thou wert manifested to take away my sins, and in thee is no sin."

A RUN-AND-READ RAMBLE TO ROME.

BY OUR CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENT.

CHAPTER III.

OFF TO PARIS.

TN the grey dawn of the morning, after dispatching a hasty meal, we wend our way through the town of Dieppe to the railway for Paris. Our party is, meanwhile, with the early day, gradually developing itself. It is wonderful how very soon mere etiquette gives way when persons are booked for a long journey together. It comes to be one great part of both the present and future enjoyment to fraternise at once, and especially after a voyage there exists at least one matter in common to all—the fortune or misfortune of the “middle passage.” Seasickness, like other miseries, is calculated to make for us friends and acquaintance; and nearly all of us having suffered alike, we find the spirit of sympathy and fellow-feeling already kindled; and fraternity commences.

Well, just a word or two about our party. We are, of course, very select; none of us would doubt that for a single moment. Any way, we believe we are, and so we get on. And, first of all, we have a goodly proportion of Americans in our party, all of them (as we would have said last year) of “Northern proclivities.” They seem to give promise of being very excellent companions; and it is well the “war” is disposed of, else some of us might get deeply involved in political disagreements and quarrels. There are representatives from many of the northern counties, such as York and Staffordshire, and one or two “canny” folks from still farther north, beyond the Tweed. We have amongst us a member of the Society of Friends, a venerable man of more than eighty years of age. The majority of the party belong to London. Some half-dozen more have yet to join us in Paris, and a stray body here and there along the route—at Florence, and at Leghorn. This varied assortment includes about forty gentlemen, and twenty ladies, old, and young, and middle-aged, with talents of music and singing, painting, sketching, etching, gossiping, &c. &c., and every imaginable thing that is taught, and may be learned, in this fast age of high-pressure and modern civilisation. The baggage of the party is moderate, taking all things into account. There are, however, rather too many small parcels, or rather parcels that are voted small by the ladies, and as such introduced into the carriages, instead of being consigned to the luggage van. Some of these small parcels, accordingly, get playing hide-and-seek with the owners; and here it is that little tempers manifest themselves, for our friends are not at all disposed to undervalue little things, and

have evidently learned how true is the line—“It is only the littleness of man that seeth no greatness in a trifle.”

It is pleasant to have companions in travel. One assists another in observation of passing scenes, and in imprinting recollections on the mind and memory. The travels I have made in company have left more lasting remembrances behind than any I have ever taken alone. I remember once having visited the Lakes of Cumberland alone; and, though I went through them all, yet I have at this moment not the slightest appreciable recollection of my visit. The experiences of such lonely visits may seem very pleasant at the moment and in themselves; but they return into one's own bosom, and there they abide alone, and bring forth no fruit for memory to store up and experience to use in after days. And it is little incidents and accidents that occur by the way that serve as pegs on which to hang our recollections, as nails to fasten them into a sure place. One loses an umbrella, and discovers the loss just as a heavy shower descends; depend upon it, he will remember that event, and will talk of it with real pleasure in after days. And that little blue bag that my friend, Mrs. So-and-so, lost last night in the train; and didn't she make a sad complaint to me about it! It was quite in vain for me to endeavour to comfort her under the calamity. I told her that nothing was ever lost in France; everything would come back again; but no, she would not be comforted! Well, when I looked in at the window of her carriage this morning, I found her all smiles and sunshine, though it was just then raining hard, and she exclaimed, “Oh dear, Mr. —, I have found my little blue bag; and what do you think, but that nasty Frenchman in the corner was sitting on it all night. The man didn't understand a word of English, and didn't know what I was looking for all the night. Now, isn't it a great shame they don't know what we are saying?” and so the dear old lady was going on, when the bell rang for the start again, and I had to run back to my place. Now, as Miss Edgeworth used to finish up her stories that seemed to be hard to believe, so I say of this—“Now, that's a fact!” I assure you it is, and that dear soul, who is a very mother to our party, will remember last night all the days of her life, especially as “that horrid Frenchman” actually sat upon a bonnet that was in the little blue bag. Well, perhaps I ought not to write all this; the lady is sure to read it. I am sorry to say she is invalidated at this stage of the journey at which I am now writing. This is the first of our party to knock under, and it deprives us of three of our number.

Well, having introduced our readers to the principal elements of our party while we have been pursuing our way through Dieppe to the train, let us now take our places for the journey to Paris. But stay, this is not quite so easily done as at home; they do not manage these things better in France. According to the class you travel by, you are pent up in an enclosure until the train comes up. The door of your temporary confinement is then suddenly opened, and pell-mell rush the crowd to scramble for seats. In this the strong wins the day, and the weak goes to the wall. I think it is a great mistake, causing endless confusion, annoyance, and excitement. The leisurely choice and occupation of a seat I consider to be, by contrast, one of the great privileges of the English railway system.

The Normandy line is by far the most picturesque and interesting of the many lines that converge toward the French capital. I have at other times approached Paris by the Calais and Boulogne direction, and once from due north, but these are uninteresting lines, laid through a dead flat all the way. The line *l'ouest* is plainly the best and most interesting of all; it extends through a country more like England than is any other part of France that I have seen, including green fields, undulating hills, rivers, cascades, and other natural embellishments. This line exhibits also more of the industry and resources of the country. For full fifteen miles before you reach Rouen, the railway passes through a continuous series of villages, presenting tall and towering chimneys—the outward and visible signs of national prosperity. A wealthy valley is that through which flows the Seine, and modern France is making the most of it.

About one-half of our party break the journey for a few hours at Rouen; and they do well. I have been there before, and have seen it all, and I therefore push on to Paris direct. Some beautiful peeps of the city are caught just on emerging from the long tunnel and crossing the Seine. While we are passing, I call to mind my former visit, and some of the scenes associated with it; and I tell my fellow-travellers the following little incident that befell me there in 1861:—

I must premise that I have generally been regarded as a very stanch Protestant. Well, it was a lovely summer afternoon, when I sauntered forth from my hotel to see a church I had heard so much talked about, the Church of Bon Secours, perched high up on the adjoining mountain range. On the way up, I overtook two men, who proved to be Italians. I entered into conversation with them; on both sides we used the French language, in which, I fear I must confess, we were all somewhat deficient. However, in rather broken French,

these men told me about certain crypts, and tunnels, and hiding-places burrowed in the hills, which were once used as places of retreat in the old Norman wars. These subterranean places, I understood them to say, were in communication with the church, and could be visited and seen.

We had arrived at the ridge on which the church stands, and from which it looks down grandly and solemnly on the rich plains beneath; and as my companions turned sharply round into the church-yard, a fair little Norman maid approached us, bearing under her arm a large number of candles. The Italians gave her some money, in return for which she produced two candles for each, carrying them in her own hand. I was advised to make my purchase, and under the impression that the crypts and recesses underground were to be visited, I cheerfully held out my hand with money for the damsel to take whatever was right. She took a few sous, and instantly drew forth my stock of candles, which she held in her right hand, and sprang on before us, leading the way. We followed into the church, and, as I thought, through the church into the crypt. The maid, lithe of step, advanced quickly and gracefully to the Virgin's altar, and there with a lowly gesture she deposited my candles as a votive offering, and as quickly retired. Judge of my amazement, and indeed of my amusement, when I found how easily my Protestantism had been overpowered by the little Norman maid! I returned, if not a sadder, yet certainly a wiser man. I need hardly say that I have never ventured to seek the subterranean passages since.

This Church of Bon Secours is well worth seeing. It is a gem in its way, and was built through the diligence and zeal of a French monk, who went throughout Europe collecting small contributions for the erection of his favourite design. What marvellous tales of devotion, self-denial, and zeal are told by many of these material erections throughout Christendom! If some men have had zeal "which was not according to knowledge," we at least, who are instructed in the better way, ought to set the example of a true godly zeal which is according to knowledge. Why should superstition be allowed to erect grander and nobler monuments to celebrate and perpetuate her fame, than those left by that which is the greatest and grandest of all motives—"the love of Christ constraining us?"

A journey of some four hours, after stopping at Rouen and leaving our friends there, brought us to Paris. We immediately repaired to our hotel, and having refreshed ourselves with a wash and a light luncheon, we proposed (some of us) an afternoon stroll through the city.

(To be continued.)



(Drawn by M. E. EDWARDS.)

"They are coming, dearest mother,
Unto me."—p. 538.

WHAT EMMA SAID.

GENTLY floating down the stream,
Softly flowing;
It is sweet, as in a dream,
To be going,
On the bosom of the waters,
To the light—
Far beyond the dread and darkness
Of the night.

Hear you not the songs of angels
From afar,
Like the fire that oftentimes flashes
From a star?

They are coming, dearest mother!
Unto me—
Spirits hear what eyes can never,
Never see!

Beautif forms still nearer,
Nearer come;
And the burthen of their welcome's
" Hither, home!"
Would you could but hear them, mother!—
One last kiss,
Ere my soul is borne, in music,
Into bliss!

J. P. H.

DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

MAY-QUEEN SUSIE.

SHE full moon had just risen, on a lovely evening towards the end of April; the sweet perfume of the lilac-trees had tempted Susie to her favourite seat on a green bank, covered with violets and primroses, and sheltered by a hedge of whitethorn, which formed the boundary of her father's garden. The first cuckoo of the year was heard repeating its soft note from a neighbouring tree, and the little girl listened to it with a delight known only to those whose hearts are in harmony with the beauties of Nature, and alive to the high and holy lessons she teaches. Susie had not long been enjoying the calm beauty of the scene, when she thought she heard a deep sigh quite close beside her. She started up, and looked through the hedge, but could not see any one; and, fancying she had been mistaken, she again sat down; but soon the sound was repeated, and this time she could not rest satisfied till she had ascertained the cause of it. She passed through a gate into a cornfield, through which a path led to the parsonage, and immediately perceived a poor old man on crutches, leaning against a tree, and apparently in great pain. Susie looked at him with a pitying glance, and said—

" You seem very ill to be out so late, and alone. Is there anything I can do to assist you? "

The poor old man looked surprised at the little girl's kind manner (for he had before met with only cold and suspicious glances from the passers-by), and said: " I have at last met with some one who will pity my misfortunes and believe my story. You see," he continued, " that I am poor and old; but I had a good son who took care of me while he lived; but now that he is gone, no one cares for the

helpless old cripple, and for the last three or four nights I have wandered about in the open air, for want of a few pence to pay for a lodging; but I know that it will soon be over, and I shall be with my dear son again—as I have often prayed since he was taken from me."

Tears were running down Susie's cheeks, as she said to the old man, " Follow me to the house; and I am sure my father will help you. He is steward to the rector, and he will tell him your story, and ask his advice and assistance."

Susie prevailed on the old servant to give the exhausted cripple a comfortable meal, and to spread a covering on some straw in one of the out-offices, where he soon fell into a peaceful sleep; and when her father came in she related all the circumstances to him, and, so far from being displeased with what she had done, he felt thankful that his little daughter was so kind and tender-hearted towards the unfortunate; and he promised to see the old man before he went to his work next day, and to try what could best be done for him. It was long before Susie fell asleep, so much were her thoughts occupied by the evening's adventure, and her heart was full of joy at having been the means of rescuing a fellow-creature from such a miserable condition; and before the household had assembled for their early breakfast, she was dressed and carrying some fresh milk and bread to her poor friend. On opening the door she perceived him lying motionless, and, as she thought, still asleep; but, at that moment, she was joined by her father, who, going up to the rude bed, found that the old man was dead, his hands still folded in the attitude of prayer, and with an expression of perfect peace on his countenance. Susie burst into tears when her father told her that the old man was now beyond the reach of human aid or sympathy; but

she was comforted by the thought that she had soothed his last hours, and she felt that there can be no greater happiness in life than that of lightening the sorrows and supplying the wants of others. The story soon spread through the village, and every one was loud in praise of Susie's behaviour; she, however, shrank from speaking on the subject, and when any of her young companions alluded to it, she merely said she was sure any of them would have done as much, had they been in her place. But in a few days after, when, as was still the custom of the village, a May Queen was to be chosen, Susie could not resist the unanimous wish of her playfellows to bestow on her that mark of their affection and esteem.

The wreath of early summer flowers with which they crowned her soon withered; but the happy recollection of a kind and charitable act remained for ever; and, as Susie grew to womanhood, she preserved the same gentle and loving disposition, and was not only the pride and joy of her father's house, but brought sunshine into many a poor and wretched home.

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.—No. 6.

A KING OF AMALEK.

1. A son of David.
2. A garden near the Mount of Olives.
3. The man without mortal parentage.
4. A tribe which inhabited Gath.

FOOLHARDY FRED.

A RHYME FOR YOUNG READERS.

Foolhardy Fred is called "Foolhardy Fred,"
For every mad deed he will do;
There's not a wild scheme comes into his head,
But he's sure to follow it through.

If ever he climbs up a tree,
He'll swing at the top if he can;
Or perched on the end of a branch he will be,
And think himself quite like a man.

One day he espied a bird's nest
In a willow-tree close to a pond,
The prize-laden bough put Fred's "pluck" to the test,
Stretched the brink of the water beyond.

But for this not a whit did he care,
He climbed the trunk deftly and well;
He got on the bough—but when he got there,
Splash! into the water he fell!

And if there'd been no one at hand,
To help when for succour he cried,
And drag him, all breathless and dripping, to land,
He might for his folly have died.

Ah, me! it is foolish and wrong
To tempt thus God's fatherly care.
He strengthens you, not to be headily-strong.
He nerves you, not rashly to dare.

Q.

KATE ORMOND'S DOWER.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE FAMILY HONOUR," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. TREGBABBIT.

AVING made the rapid retrospect contained in the last chapter, we return to Red Lion Square. Mr. Graspington was in the City on business; Kizzy, who seldom left the house, and was in consequence smoke-dried to the colour of mahogany, and admirably matched the panels and carving in the old dwelling, was sitting drowsily at her knitting, when a brougham, with closed windows and blinds drawn down, drove up to the door, and a page-boy descended from his seat by the driver, and performed a grand flourish on the knocker, much to the startled Kizzy's dismay, whose little snugger was partitioned off from the hall, and lighted by half of the hall window. The office-boy answered the summons with alacrity, and was just repeating that his master was not at home, when a voice, by no means so sweet and low as to be an excellent thing, said to the page—

"As he is out, ask if Mrs. Keziah Crabbe is in. I will see her."

She made preparations to alight as she was speaking;

and before the bewildered Kizzy could decline the honour of the visit, even if she had wished to do so, a tall, portly, florid, middle-aged woman, dressed in an abundance of rustling black silk and crisp crêpe, with jet ornaments that flickered in the sun, sailed into the hall, and seemed to fill it with her presence. Poor, stiff, angular, ancient Kizzy, in her scanty garb of some indescribable tint between London smoke and faded leaf, looked as if she was collapsing, as she dropped a sidling curtsey to this mountain of jet.

"Yes, I see I'm right. I wanted to see Mr. Graspington, but you will do as well."

In a strange perplexity Kizzy threw wide open the office door, as if she feared the visitor would not easily pass through it, and followed in her wake, submissively standing until the lady had wheeled round and seated herself, thrown up her veil, and said, "If you don't know me, I remember you very well."

Kizzy looked through her keen eyes as sharply as possible, but evidently was none the wiser.

"Don't you remember Mrs. Pollard, of Falmouth?"

"To be sure I do. She was as old every day as I am. You can't be—"

"I'm Sophy, her daughter."

"You, little Sophy?"

"Not *little* Sophy, exactly. I married, years ago; and I've lost my husband a while past—as good a captain, though I say it, as ever took a vessel over Hayle Bar. But there, it's no use wintering and summering on that. My name is Tregabbit."

"What, Mrs. Tregabbit that Mr. Ormond was to have married, and hasn't kept to his engagement—leastways, has died?"

"Yes: poor fellow! poor fellow!" the lady pulled out her handkerchief. "I don't pretend that he was to me, or ever would have been, what my poor husband was; but it's a blow—a great blow; though there, it's no use, of course, talking of such feelings to you."

"Little Sophy Pollard is Mrs. Tregabbit," repeated Kizzy, in bewilderment.

"To be sure. And now what I want to know is this, as we're luckily alone together, what's become of Tough Graspington's daughter?"

"Dead, long ago."

"And her husband?"

"Don't name him. Know nothing of him. Never set eyes on him, and never want to."

"Had Chrissy any children?"

"One—a girl. He maintains her."

"Where?"

"Somewheres in France; a kind of Cornish name—Gwine."

"Hem; just like him—to send away his own flesh and blood. Where's George's boy?"

"He's in a lawyer's office."

The mode in which Mrs. Tregabbit spoke was so quick, and the manner in which she put her questions so direct, that Kizzy had not had time to reflect, but been, as it were, compelled to give the information asked; just then, however, there flashed into her mind a dread that her stern cousin and master would not approve of that sort of catechism, and she said—

"But, dear patience heart alive, what's all this to you? what have you to do with it?"

"Just this: when I was engaged to poor dear Ormond, I found out that his chief friend was Tough Graspington."

"You mustn't call him that now, I can tell you. It was all very well, as Christopher was a long name, to call him 'Tough,' or 'Toffy,' for short, when he was a boy; and sometimes, if he's in a good cue, he'll call himself Tough; but he won't allow it out of anybody's mouth."

"Allow! who cares for what he'll allow? I don't, I can tell you. My father always called him Tough, and it pleased my fancy when I was a girl; and what's to hinder it's pleasing my fancy now?"

She spoke like one used to do and say as it pleased her fancy; and Kizzy listened in wonder as she ran on—

"As soon as ever I heard his name, I wrote down to Cornwall, and learned all they had to tell about him in the old place; and I heard you kept his house; and, one way and another, for I'm never shy of asking, I found out about his son dying 'and his daughter marrying.' I didn't quite know how I should like him for my husband's intimate friend, for he was a bit hard, like Cornish ironstone. It'll take a good hot furnace to melt him, I doubt."

"The fire can't be kindled that'll melt *him*."

"Don't you say that: it's flying in the face of Providence. But there, as to melting or hardening, that's neither here nor there. I've a notion that he and I will have to be brought pretty close together on business; for poor dear Ormond said to me only last week, 'I mean, whether I live to make you my wife or not, to leave my girl in your care'—dear girl I think he said, for he'd a soft heart, poor soul!—and Graspington will look after the main chance for her. He's the man to make money grow.' And I didn't object, but consented then, for how could I tell that he was just at the last, poor fellow?"

"Why should you object?"

"Only that Graspington and I mightn't agree. If he can be tough, I can be rough, let me tell you."

"And the girl—the young lady?"

"Why, I mean to have her home from that humdrum school; and I mean to keep the house that poor Ormond and I chose. It's just what I like; and I chose the carpets and the hangings, and I mean to have the comfort of 'em, and not to be brought into any of Graspington's stingy ways. Why, however you, Keziah Crabbe, can go on living in this stuffy old place, till your blood's the colour of walnut ketchup, I can't think. I wouldn't, not to be as rich as all the misers that ever lived. But I can't stay. Tell him I called, and bring to his mind who I am. Tough Graspington and I had better understand one another. I'll act jointly with him as executrix, or I'll act singly. I can do either; but act I shall, depend on it."

"Do you know Miss Ormond?"

"Oh, yes: I've been to see her often at school. I like her very well. She's a little wishy-washy and shilly-shally, as young girls are, but still very nice and pretty."

"Does she like you?"

"Why of course she does," said Mrs. Tregabbit, opening her large hazel eyes very wide, in astonishment at the question, it seemed so ludicrous. It was evident that, loud, and talkative, and overpowering as she was, she had been used to popularity in her circle—there was a certain sincerity and warmth about her which conciliated. She shook Keziah's bony hand heartily at parting, and, gathering up the folds of her dress, sailed away, filling the brougham with billows of silk and crape—truly her mourning."

"However will cousin Tough agree with that woman?" was Mrs. Keziah's natural exclamation.

CHAPTER V.

KATE ORMOND.

Is there anything on this earth more cheerless than a cold, formal funeral, where no tear is shed, no real grief felt, where demure looks are merely assumed; and, just because it is decorous to be sedate, often an intense desire is felt to be mirthful?

As far as the group of male friends were concerned who assembled at the funeral of Mr. Ormond, this formality was the rule. Young Mr. Oakenshaw might, indeed, be considered an exception, for though he could not be expected to feel grief for one he had not known,

yet he had seen the grief which prostrated his step-mother, and, indeed, when added to her many ailments, had consigned her to a sick bed; and his concern was very genuine. Nor was he without some anxious thoughts as to the future, that would intrude all the more readily on a mournful occasion. Mr. Graspington, of course, took the part of confidential friend, and every one deferred to him throughout the ceremonial.

On the return of the company from the interment, they all adjourned to the drawing-room to hear the will read. And there, for the first time, two ladies made their appearance—the one Mrs. Tregabbit, the other a young girl of about seventeen, Miss Ormond, whose face and eyes were so swollen with weeping, and her form so bowed with grief, that even if any one was at leisure to notice her personal appearance, it would have been impossible to do so. The poor girl clung to the side of Mrs. Tregabbit, as if there was a sense of protection in her ample person. If that lady was gifted with wonderful rapidity of speech, she had occasional "flashes of silence," when her eyes did the work of her tongue, and, indeed, laid up stock to supply future material to that active member.

There is no need to go through all the verbiage by which the law contrives to perplex the plain sense of every man's last will and testament; suffice it that, after a few trifling bequests to servants, and a legacy of £500 to the testator's esteemed friend, Christopher Graspington, Esq., as a tribute of esteem for his talents and admiration of his character, all his property—which was inherited, for he had been by no means a man of business—was left in trust to his beloved daughter Kate Ormond, subject to a charge of an annual sum of £200 a year to Mrs. Sophia Tregabbit. And the aforesaid Christopher Graspington and Sophia Tregabbit were to be joint executors of the will and guardians of the said Kate, who was, until her majority, to live under that lady's care.

No mention was made of any sister or other relative. Some charitable bequests once intended had been revoked, evidently to the satisfaction of Mr. Graspington, who recognised in that the effect of his advice, and justified it by saying, "Ormond was not rich enough to be leaving legacies here, there, and everywhere. He'd nothing but land and houses. I meant to have taught him how to double it; but he gave in his life-time, no doubt, quite enough to charity nonsense."

When the will was about being read Mr. Oakenshaw had offered to retire, but was requested to remain; and he certainly did hope some mention of an only sister would have occurred, if only a kindly message to her. Indeed, it was idle to disguise to himself that he had wished for some tangible proof of brotherly regard in the distribution of his property, for it was sorely needed—how sorely, he had only recently discovered, a law-suit having just been decided against him, which deprived him and his widowed step-mother of the property they had believed they should possess on the late Mr. Oakenshaw's death.

With a sigh that he could not suppress he rose to take leave, before any other guest departed, and, walking up to Miss Ormond, said—

"You are not, probably, aware, for it seems to be forgotten, that you have an aunt living—Mrs. Oakenshaw, your father's sister. She is too ill to come to you, and did not know where to write; but she will, I trust, soon be able to communicate with you. Meanwhile I, her step-son, may assure you, in her name, that she does not forget the close relationship, or the sympathy and affection that it should involve. I hope she will soon be able to tell you this, Miss Ormond, far better than I can."

The orphan raised her eyes, running over with tears, to the young man's face an instant, and met his respectful and kindly gaze as she faltered out—

"I never heard my father speak of a sister—at least I cannot now call to mind that I have. Oh that she had come to him—to us!"

"Compose yourself, my dear; you must not speak. You see, sir, it agitates her, poor thing," said Mrs. Tregabbit, authoritatively; and the young man, with a bow that included all in the room, took his departure; and the hall door had not closed on him when Mr. Graspington thought it incumbent to say, in his most concentrated and impressive voice—

"My friend Ormond was not likely to forget a sister, unless she had proved herself not worth remembering."

"Not he, indeed," rejoined Mrs. Tregabbit; adding, "I, for one, despise the sort of people who keep themselves to themselves for years, and then pounce down, like carrion crows, when—a death—But, never mind," she continued, after an abrupt pause, "never mind, my dear; you don't want any relations that have neglected your dear papa. You've friends—his friends and your friends; and that's a mighty deal better than cold kindred, I can tell you, my poor child."

And so, opening her ample arms, Kate, had certainly a feeling of refuge, as she laid her head on the soft shelter of her friend's bosom—that friend whom she knew her father had meant to make his wife, and whom she could, for his sake, better afford to love than perhaps she would have done if her father had lived, since no jealousy now warped her spirit. She had not been superseded, or compelled to learn the painful lesson of taking the second place where she had held the first.

It is very unlikely that Kate would really ever have had that trial. She had a prescience that her father thought he was marrying for her sake—meant it to be so; but still a wife and husband are, or ought to be, one. She had argued this over many times at night, as she lay on her pillow, and thought of the future, when she was to leave school, and return home to her father and a new mother. And now death had come and silenced her little murmurs by a great grief, given her real troubles instead of imaginary ones; and the very feeling that she had in thought somewhat wronged the lady her father had chosen, made her anxious to make amends by greater deference to her wishes, and gratitude for her kindness. So, in the stillness of the house of death, the young girl's wounded heart clung to her new maternal friend, and just then, at all events, readily believed all she said, and listened to all she suggested. Mr. Graspington, too, was an object of great respect to

Miss Ormond. Had she not heard her father say, "He's the most successful man I know, Kate. I want to add to my property for your sake, and he will aid me;" and the words conveyed some grand and vague idea of genius and merit, not certainly in the school-room sense, as a Tennyson, or a Sterndale Bennett, but in spheres of action all the more marvellous that the girlish mind cannot readily either sympathise with, understand, or follow—except with vague wonder—the men who carry on the business of the world, and build up the mountains of wealth that make England so prosperous.

Kate Ormond, in her grief at losing her father, was content to acquiesce in all that the guides appointed by that father directed. It was of course a relief to her when all the guests except Mrs. Tregabbit and Mr. Graspington had gone, and when the former kindly suggested that Kate should retire to her own room, and lay down after the excitement of the morning. She yielded mechanically to the suggestion, and, leaning on her matronly friend's arm, left the drawing-room in the occupation of him she was henceforth to call her guardian.

That gentleman lingered some time looking with an appraising rather than an appreciating eye on the few articles of value that the room contained, and then taking a survey of the room itself, muttering as he did so, "It was good enough all these years for Ormond; it will do for his daughter, unless the other asks the girl to live with her, as I suppose she will, and make a pretty penny out of it." Perhaps it was a wish to know as soon as possible—for he was prompt in everything—what plans, if any, Mrs. Tregabbit had formed, that caused him to remain. He recollects the lady had not taken leave of him when she led her young charge away, and concluded she meant to return. A conjecture that was well founded, for in an hour's time he heard the rustle of silks descending the stairs; and though Mrs. Tregabbit, on entering the room, started at seeing him, and commenced apologising if she had been the cause of detaining him, he shrewdly suspected that she wanted to see him as much as he did to see her. The lady began first, by saying, "Poor dear girl, I mean to devote myself entirely to her. To obtain possession of a sweet daughter such as she is—a comfort I never had—was really one of my chief reasons for accepting the proposals of Mr. Ormond. And I feel his memory is endeared to me all the more for this proof of his confidence."

"Then you mean to take Miss Ormond to live with you?"

"Of course, Mr. Graspington, I do. She is old enough to leave school."

"And such an abominably expensive one as poor Ormond selected," interposed Mr. Graspington.

"Expensive! Oh, as to that, a young lady's expenses are not easily calculated by gentlemen. Mr. Ormond never was niggardly—to his daughter, and, of course, his plans will be pursued. I mean to live with dear Kate in the new house that I was to have been mistress of."

"What at Rivercroft Lodge! Surely not. I call that house 'Ormond's Folly'."

"At Rivercroft, certainly," said the lady, drawing her chair forward, and sitting rather more firmly on it. "Why not, pray?"

"Why, it would let, furnished as it is, for a handsome sum, a very handsome sum."

"Then it's not Ormond's Folly, as you—I think you said—called it."

"I beg pardon, Mrs. Tregabbit. I'm a plain man, and my friend's interests are mine, and his child's interests are mine also."

"And so they are mine, sir. The house was furnished under my direction. If poor Mr. Ormond is gone—and that's my sorrow, I may say, more than anybody's—he hasn't taken his wealth with him. His property is not left entangled in any business."

"So much the worse," interposed Mr. Graspington.

"His daughter is his heiress, and must live with me," she continued, not heeding the interruption. "I have not a house to take her to. In view of anticipated changes, I let my house, and am just now in apartments at the West End—Albemarle Street. Mr. Graspington, I'm not used to shabby places, or shabby ways." She looked round the room as she spoke, and then fastened her eyes on her companion, as if to bring home her words. "So the abode prepared for me I shall occupy with Miss Ormond."

"It will be damp; I told Ormond so."

"I doat upon the river. I think between Chiswick and Twickenham lovely beyond everything."

"Such a distance from town."

"Rail, river, and road to town, as you choose. In short, I've talked to dear Kate, and, as a matter of duty, she wishes to live with me in the house her father built for us."

Mr. Graspington, for the first time in his life, felt himself out-talked and out-generalled. He had been so used to have his own way, and to be praised for having it, that he could not understand this fluent, resolute woman. She saw her advantage, and added, familiarly—

"We may as well begin as we mean to go on, and understand one another at once. You and I are, in a sense, old friends."

"Nay, Mrs. Tregabbit, you make yourself out far too old when you say that. I left Cornwall before I had any friends."

"Oh, I know you left before I was born, but your cousin Keziah knew my mother, and remembers me a child."

"Keziah Crabbe I took to be my housekeeper; as to cousinship—"

"Oh, it's nothing much; but she brought up your children."

"No thanks to her, or any one, for that," said he, losing his temper.

"Now don't be vexed, there's a good man; don't I know they turned out very so-so, and died young? I have heard people say—the world is censorious—that you held the reins too tight; but I've always defended you. Only, if I were you, I'd change my plan with these young ones—these grandchildren of yours. Bless me! how odd it seems that a man looking as young as you should be the grandfather of grown-up children."

There was both bitter and sweet skilfully mingled in this speech, and Mr. Graspington said, "I began life soon, and wasted no time but once."

"When was that?"

"When I got married."

"Well, I'm sure. Then don't waste time with your grandchildren. I should like very much to see your granddaughter. What's her age? She'd make a nice companion for Miss Ormond."

"I'm sure I don't know anything about her. She costs me more than I ought to pay."

"Not know anything about her! You amaze me—a man of your respectability."

"That's it, ma'am. On principle I feel I have no right to maintain a vagabond fellow's child, even if her mother was my daughter. But I have done it, and at a school on the Continent too."

"Let's see, what's her name?"

"A foolish freak, I suppose, of that father of hers. She's called Edina."

Oh, that's not so bad; but her other name, I mean." "Now you ask what I cannot tell you. Somerville,

or Smith. I choose she shall be known by the last, it's so far a convenient name, that no one can be disgraced by anything a relation does who bears it."

"Why do you think about disgrace?"
"Just because it came once when I didn't think of
it. And I'm afraid to think about it."

“Ah, you are, I know, considered very wise.”

"If I am, I've no one to thank but myself."

"Well, all I say is, don't you keep these grandchildren of yours at arm's length."

"I call them children, Mrs. Tregabbit. They never call me grandfather, and I never mean to let them."

"Oh, but it's not genteel; grandpa is the word."

"Pooh! that's a childish distinction; but I can manage my own affairs, or I should be very unfit to manage Miss Ormond's. If you live in this house—which I shall duly inform my ward I protest against as a great—a useless expense, we must arrange a fixed sum."

"I have already done so. I gave a statement to Benson and Clipp, to be forwarded to you, when I did not know you would kindly wait to see me. I was sure to prompt a man liked promptitude. I know the statement is quite in accordance with the will, so we need not go over it. We might dispute about some trifles, and as we are such excellent friends, dear Mr. Graspington, let us remain so."

Swelling with suppressed anger, Mr. Graspington took leave of his clever friend, and when in the street, walked a few minutes with a crestfallen air, very unusual to him. But he soon recovered his self-possession, and between his shut teeth hissed out the words to himself —“Let her talk. I'll act. If George is not a fool he'll get the heiress, and something may turn up for that little Fanny.”

(To be continued.)

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "THE QUIVER LIFEBOATS."—(TWENTY-SECOND LIST.)

[We shall be glad if those who are still collecting for the Lifeboat Fund will kindly send in their amounts as soon as possible, as our list must very shortly be closed.]

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

THREE is a melancholy interest attached to the volume of poems now lying before us.* The splendid talents of the writer, Edmund Armstrong, had already attracted much attention in his university, in which his brief career was one uninterrupted triumph. At the age of twenty-four his life was brought to a sad and early close. He had just lived long enough to show what he might have accomplished had he been longer spared. Early in his college course, Armstrong was looked upon as the avowed holder of sceptical views, which were very rare indeed in Trinity College, Dublin; but which have become too lamentably renowned as the cherished opinions of some of the ablest writers of our day. It is one of the happiest memories of his brilliant career that, not only did the bright light of simple religion as it is in Christ dispel all this doubtful gloom, but that before his career was closed an opportunity was afforded, of which he manfully availed himself, to recant and disavow his former opinions in the presence of his admiring fellow-students. This change he expresses to a friend in two stanzas, which are well worth quotation:—

“ Friend of my soul, for us no more
 The sea of dark negation booms
 Upon a strange and shadowy shore—
 An ocean vex’d with glooms ;
 Whereon, in trembling barques forlorn,
 We toss’d upon the waves of doubt,
 Our compass gone, our starlight out,
 Our shrouds and cordage torn.
 “ Our course is on another sea ;
 Beneath a radiant arch of day ;
 While bursts of noble harmony
 Inspire us on our way ;
 Subduing to a trustful calm
 Our spirits amid surge and wind,
 And flowing on the anxious mind
 Like gusts of healing balm.”

We have not now space to criticise this volume in detail. It contains much splendid thought, expressed in strong, vigorous, and truly poetic verse. A brief memoir of the talented author, who died in February, 1865, is prefixed. It is written with much taste and judgment. Among other extracts from Armstrong’s prose compositions, it contains a paragraph upon essay-writing, with which we shall conclude this notice of one whom to meet was to admire, to know was indeed to love.

If the essay may not grapple vigorously with the moot points of philosophy, or conquer the laws and limits of science, its function is still a noble one. To beguile the hour stolen from toil or pleasure, the single hour which may not be devoted to painful thought or painful study, with a sense of high intellectual enjoyment, and at the same time to leave behind it a sense of something learned which is not ephemeral—this is the true function of the essay; this it can do, if nothing more. A good essay, if it may not furnish us with a ready-made religion, or an invulnerable panoply of political opinions, will yet at least

* “Poems by the late Edmund Armstrong,” President of the Undergraduates’ Philosophical Society of Dublin University. London: Edward Moxon and Co.

communicate an impulse to some train of thought which may lead us on to valuable conclusions. In these times of hurry and perpetual turmoil many can find neither the patience nor the leisure for much literature of any other kind. A solemn duty therefore devolves upon the essayists of our day.

The many papers, so pleasant and winning, so witty and wise, by the late George Mogridge, better known as “Old Humphrey,” still have their thousands of delighted readers. Two volumes of equal size, now before us, respectively entitled “Sketches from my Note-book”* and “Every-day Lessons,”† have every attractive qualification for popularity. Cheery chit-chat, illustrative anecdotes, both laughable and pathetic, spirit-stirring encouragement of good, palatable reproof of evil, and sound religious instruction, are adventitiously introduced in these volumes.

We have received a volume of very so-so verses by a lady, Mrs. Phillott, entitled, “The Rectory Garden, and Other Poems.” Of “The Rectory Garden,” we can only say that we are glad to find that it is not quite so barren of beauty and poetry as are the five-and-forty pages of verse devoted to a rambling catalogue of its charms. Of the “Other Poems” we will give a specimen. A child employed at the “Balhamore Flax Mills” is described as going “with her bare feet light and steady” to her daily work; and further on we are told that the clock strikes “One, two, three, four, And then two strokes more,” and

“ So the wee child rushes
 Through field and bushes (sic),
 And soon at the Mill arrives :
 She works all the day,
 And at night takes her pay,
 And on that piece of bread she lives.”

With an earnest hope that the bushes here mentioned were more harmless than hawthorn, or that the child has since recovered from the dreadful shocks to which she then subjected herself, we take an unregretful leave of this by no means fascinating book of rhymes.

We are glad to be able to turn with a feeling of relief to a smaller collection of poems, by Thomas Cambria Jones.‡ Here we find some good lines, placed, however, with others of more doubtful quality. A little more care in the construction of the stanzas would greatly improve many of these poems.

Many of our readers will have great pleasure in hearing that the Rev. Newman Hall has published, through Messrs. Nisbet and Co., two interesting little works—“The Loss of the London: the substance of an Address at St. James’s Hall,” and, “The Veteran Sunday-school Teacher: a Brief Memoir of William West, Superintendent, during Sixty-two Years, of Kent Street School.”

* “Sketches from my Note-book.” By George Mogridge (Old Humphrey). Edited by his Widow. London: S. W. Partridge.

† “Every-day Lessons.” From the Experience of George Mogridge (Old Humphrey). Edited by his Widow. London: S. W. Partridge.

‡ “The Rectory Garden, and Other Poems.” By Alicia Catherine Phillott. London: Rivingtons.

§ “The Last Poems of Thomas Cambria Jones.” Edinburgh: Ballantyne, Roberts, and Co.